



The Bystander.

TIME TO POINT

The Governor of Hawaii in his report to the secretary of the interior hints that if the rest of the world would only cut down on its sugar production the sugar planters of the Territory might be able to weather the Democratic plague and live through the free sugar epidemic promised for 1916. The Governor does not blurt out any blunt truths in his report, nor does he draw aside the curtain of profound obscurity with which he clothes his usual everyday remarks, but he hints, subtly, cannily and with an air.

The Governor always hints, when it comes down to it, whenever anyone mentions sugar. I understand that he becomes involved in his language every time he drives over one of Mr. Wall's molasses thoroughfares and stirs up the perfume. He hints and intimates and whacks around the lantana, with the Territory hanging on his words, ears tense, ready to grab hold of the first concrete statement the Governor may make to show that he knows something about the tariff concealed beyond the ken of the ordinary citizen, such as he hinted, intimated and threw out in his famous message to the Maui convention, as explicated upon by the faithful Thayer. If the Governor would only employ less conversation and fewer words in his hints, we would appreciate him more. The latest issue of Associated Advertising points this moral by quoting Josh Billings.

Josh Billings says that once upon a time he met a man on the public highway and asked him the way to a village. The aged stranger began to chin and to chatter, to draw pictures with his cane in the dust and to expatiate upon the various routes.

"Say, mister," said Josh, "I kin git that a powerful sight sooner if ye'll only p'int."

HIS HONOR HAD A HUNCH

"My kahuna he bin told me long time when I get defeat," Mayor Joe Fern is reported to have said to a friend yesterday in strict confidence.

Fern told how, when first elected, he consulted a kahuna, whom he sought in the depths of Palolo Valley on the one day in the year it does not rain there, asking for how long he would remain in office. The kahuna caught a white rooster with a yellow comb and red tail, bled the comb and with the warm blood stained a white feather, plucked off the fowl.

"Aw, aw, aw," wailed the kahuna thrice over the stained feather, Fern being told to do likewise. He did it in a trembling voice—the tremble had to be there in order that the thing would work properly. The kahuna then went into the old crater at the end of the valley and carried on a series of weird incantations, while Fern remained below digging a monster ti root. When Joe had the root out of the ground the kahuna appeared again before him, as if by magic, no sign of his coming having been observed by Fern.

"You were elected mayor the first time during a month with a Friday the thirteenth," announced the kahuna in correct Hawaiian. "You will be mayor for many years, but when an election November with a Friday the thirteenth comes around again you will be defeated." Pau.

And it came to pass.

"Long time I bin sense this election, and when I defeat I know it; kahuna been tell me this long time, but I keep quiet. I think maybe I say nothing the kahuna talk no work. I bin mistake."

THE JOYRIDING MIND

"The incredulity of the jury" is a subject that will some day receive the serious study it deserves. The investigation of the mind of the juror has of necessity been abandoned. The mind as a mind is given a vacation while its possessor is performing jury duty. It is of a case with that famous member of the lady dot legislature of whom it was said—and proven—that he was so constituted that his mental operations ceased the instant he began to speak.

But to get back to our jury. Twelve men with the interference of officials are hearing a case wherein the charge is "assault with a weapon obviously and imminently dangerous to life; to-wit, one loaded pistol or revolver, etc., etc." A score of men, women, children, idiots, loafers, et al, swear to having witnessed the assault. It looks serious for the defendant. But he's been in the law him- self and knows about juries. He takes the stand and admits, and declares and insists, under oath, that he prepared to make a killing, provoked a quarrel and in due course made the assault, precisely as charged. Does he fool the jury? Not by a long ton. Something tells them that he has an interest in the outcome of this particular case and they refuse to believe him. They promptly acquit him. There is mystery here. The mystery is this: What was substituting for the joy riding mind?

ANOTHER CHANCE AND A DOLLAR

Judge Whitney of the juvenile court has started a new system in his work of bringing back to the straight and narrow path the unfortunate wayward youngsters who come into his court. And with the able assistance of Probation Officer Anderson he has succeeded so well that it is probable that the new vogue will continue.

It consists of giving a youthful prisoner "one more chance" and a dollar. A bank account is started with the dollar and each week the youngster, at liberty on his honor, is required to report and to bring his bankbook with him. If the record shows that the boy has added to his savings he is given a favorable rating; if not, it is taken to denote that he is slipping back. The result so far has been more than satisfactory to Judge Whitney. Only one probationed boy has slipped back. He had saved \$180, but finally succumbed to temptation, spent the money and is again in the toils. But the others, however, are succeeding. One little boy has more than eighty dollars saved up. Several have amounts ranging from fifteen to fifty dollars in the bank, and in the opinion of Probation Officer Anderson, who is carefully superintending the experiment, some of the leading and most successful citizens of Hawaii ten years from now will be from the ranks of the little fellows whom Judge Whitney is now "giving one more chance" and the foundation for a bank roll.

HE KNEW HIS BIBLE HISTORY

W. R. Castle is one of the staunchest advocates of temperance in the city, but he received a more than the average shock quite recently from one of the members of the Sunday School class, over which he presides. Mr. Castle was busy driving home the truths of temperance, adopting a Socratic method of bringing out his points. "Now, children," he said, "which has done the greatest harm to mankind, whiskey or water?"

"Water," hoped a class member, delighted at having the answer so ready. Mr. Castle was a trifle staggered, both at the answer and the promptness with which it came.

"Why, how can you say that, Willie?" he asked. "Do you really mean that water has done great harm to mankind?"

"Sure," said Willie. "Just think of the Flood."

HOW JAPAN WARNED CITIZENS ABROAD

It is not to be wondered that a guileless wireless operation in Honolulu allowed the simple news of the arrival of the German cruiser Geier to slip by when the keen military censors in Bremen, Germany, were not keen enough to prevent a live Tokio firm from getting a message through to their Japanese agents in Bremen that Japan was about to declare war on Germany. But it is a fact nevertheless and the news was contained in plain Japanese language. The censors directing communications received in Germany, as well as directing those sent out, are supposed to have a working knowledge of practically all the languages, but in this instance they slipped up.

Here is a copy of the cable sent from the Mitsui firm at Tokio

and just as it was received and approved in Bremen, the day preceding the declaration of war by Japan against Germany:

"Mr. Senemufukoku arrives tomorrow."

Looks like a harmless announcement of the coming of a new clerk, but "Senemufukoku" is Japanese for "declaration of war" and the Japanese agents in Bremen thus had twenty-four hours' advantage in arranging their affairs. When relations between the two countries were severed the following day, announcement of Mr. "Senemufukoku's" expected arrival had enabled his Nipponese friends in the land of the Kaiser to be prepared for the events, and incidentally, it is safe to say, caused some German military censor to paraphrase Bret Harte's epic:

"For ways that are dark
And tricks that are vain
The canny young 'Jap' is peculiar."

The municipal officials who take office in January have an excellent chance to demonstrate that they are above partisan politics and are for Honolulu first in the way they go about the superintendency of Kapiolani Park. But Honolulu, the present superintendent, has made room and should be retained in office as an example of the recognition coming to the public servant who does his work satisfactorily.

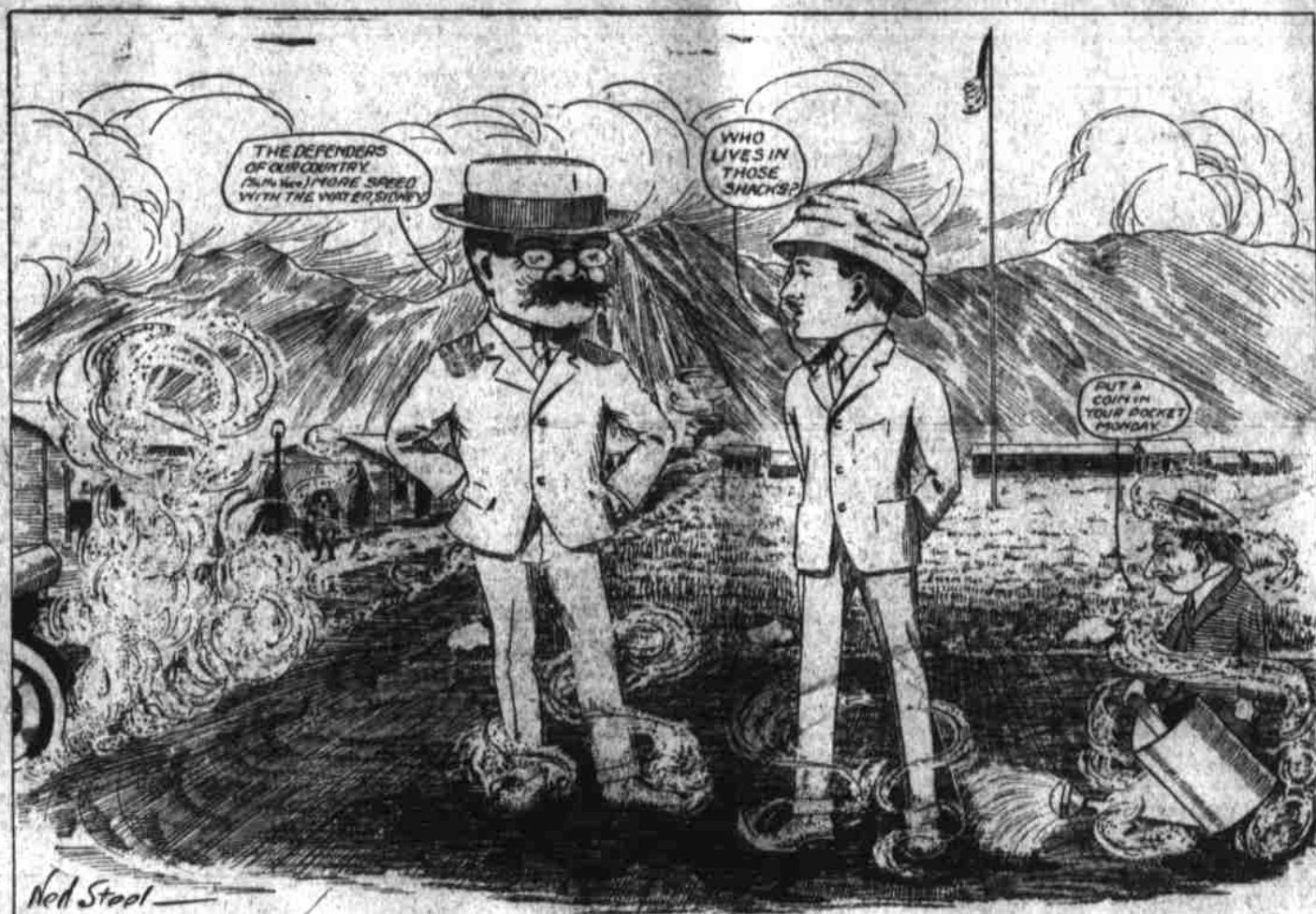
More Concerning Billy Sunday

Honolulu, November 13, 1914.

Editor of Advertiser:—Please can you tell for me who is Billy Sunday and who is his true name. Why for do sum peopel like him come here. Sumbudy tell to me becoz he make a long talk and scream out loud at the peopel and make them listen for somethin about Bibel and tell us if we not good then going bad place with debil. If erbyudys want for one man make a loud talk and sceole us for bad, I get a cousin-brother is minister and can make more loud talk than that fellow. My cousin-brother never get a work in church for long time, becoz once he bin fight with one man in his church becoz that man is sassy to him and he get mad.

The peopel tole to me sumbody is going give for Billy S. 10 thousand dollar for cum here, but if you give for my cousin-brother that job he charge 1 thousand dollar more cheap. What you think?

Seeing Oahu Series—Schofield Barracks



"Evolution of Efficiency"

A Review by Ed Towse

There has come to Honolulu the manuscript of: "The Evolution of Efficiency in American City Government," by James Roy Douglas. "A" has been submitted in partial satisfaction of the requirements for the Degree of Master of Letters in the Department of Political Science of the University of California, May, 1914, with the necessary formal approval.

James Roy Douglas is the son of Mr. and Mrs. David Douglas of Ewa. Graduated from William McKinley High School of Honolulu in 1909, young Mr. Douglas entered the University of California. The fact of his success there is that he is now of the institution's faculty. For a young man to undertake a work on city government at this time is indeed a paragon of piety. This subject is engaging the attention of the world's best thought. It concerns, now, the welfare, in the advanced countries, of the greatest number. And the preponderating urban population has come into existence rapidly—in a comparatively short time. The bibliography of the municipality is an imposing one and growing incredibly. This literature the "Island Boy" has made a notable contribution.

Douglas begins, as he must, with the British or English town control, depicting or recording its growth and evolution with the broadening requirements of the enlarged group—the response to the demands of the community. This development is made very clear. Desire for privilege caused the decadence of the early (English) municipality. For two purposes only the officials perpetuated themselves in office. They had position or precedence locally and somewhat of a voice in the affairs of the nation—a vote for member of parliament. Naturally this sort of city government was, to the people, worse than none at all.

Cities in the United States date, in a rather indefinite way, from the Colonial days. A real city on our mainland is still young. Nor yet has the ideal been reached. Many factors enter into their growth. The three most important, according to Douglas, are, in their order:

Urgent administrative demands.
Creation of industries.
Concentration of aliens in cities.

These things necessarily make the cities in all their astounding and wasteful variations. Yet, in the gamut from the appointment of mayors and boards by governors down to yesterday's commission and today's plan of the city manager.

So far city government has shown little of the application of scientific methods, or, at least, there has stood and yet stands: Democratization of franchise.
The federal analogy.
Un-guarded treasure.

To undertake to secure efficient officers of administration by popular vote is like trying to plow furrows in the ocean.

In communal (family, business) affairs, the federal analogy can have no place.

Un-guarded treasure is a temptation that cannot be resisted—an

Small Talks

E. M. WATSON—I would like to know how Judge Ashford gets his newspaper pull.

A. L. CASTLE—Bentling the Travelers and then the real All-Chinese ball teams was some accomplishment and I am mighty proud of my Punahou Athletic Club.

AUGUSTUS E. MURPHY—In the death of Lord Roberts Great Britain and Ireland lost one of its noblest sons. "Bobs" was the grandest Irishman of the day.

MAYOR J. J. FERN—I learn parody on "It's a Long, Long Way Back to Tipperary." I sing "It's a Long, Long Way Back to Stevedoring." More better.

W. W. THAYER—Following the usual custom, I will prepare for the Governor a Thanksgiving Proclamation. I am thankful to The Advertiser for the reminder.

ARTHUR G. SMITH—This war game is a fascinating one, but the trouble is that I have about run out of a big supply of varicolored pins I have been sticking up my map with.

CHARLES R. FORBES—If any one thinks that this coming junket of the harbor commission around the Island of Hawaii is a pleasure trip, let him come along and try it.

ROBERT W. SHINGLE—Two things started me on getting back here from Washington. I found Bob Breckons had a new hat and a new glass eye. Signs of Republican rejoicing.

R. M. DUNCAN—Beretania street beyond McCully is in such poor condition that the automobiles are using King street now. Wonder how long before word would fix that street again begins!

HARRY WHITNEY—The suggestion of Lorrin Thurston that all our officers who welcomed the Spalding baseball tourists in 1888 turn out and meet the major league teams next month is a good one.

KIM TONG HO—Sammy Hop, erstwhile general factotum of the traveling Chinese baseball club, has been "interacted" by the leading members of his team. This defection has about busted the grand old team.

CHARLES J. MCCARTHY—Special auditor Wescott will begin his duties tomorrow. While I do not apprehend that there is anything wrong with the books of the city auditor and treasurer, the law has to be carried out.

"CUPID" P. P. WOODS—People don't have to tell me how unhappy they were in a previous marriage. All they have to do is to cross my palm with a dollar and say what they want. Aside from this, I should worry.

L. C. ABLES, from the office of Lake View No. 2 Oil Company, Los Angeles—We are O. K. and I am as busy as a bird dog. This is election day. I will fix things up here, depending on you and the boys to look after Hawaii.

ALEXANDER PRATT—Cat 44 of the Rapid Transit Company is now the hoodoo one of the system, but I can't see why the conduct didn't give one hell after it got off the track and traveled 300 feet without being on the rails.

D. LLOYD CONKLING—I'm not loading. Between checking freight on the waterfront, getting ready to handle the city cash and a few other things, I have been pretty busy telling my friends how, why, and for what I was elected.

GOVERNOR PINKHAM—There is no use talking. Public improvements are wanted and they can be brought about only through local capital coming forward. It is now a case of Hawaii helping itself. That is all there is to it.

ROBERT CATRCART—I am almost willing to forgive my practical joking friends for circulating the ridiculous report that I belong to a Republican club, but I certainly can not condone the charge that I am after Kaiser Wilhelm's job.

ED TOWSE—As a former cowboy and Wyomingite I will not be satisfied unless we have a real fair game and roulette wheel on the Lava Trail. I can beat Bob Breckons as a faro dealer and challenge his right to the title as champion roulette dealer.

"BILL" LARSEN—I'm not much on this parliamentary stuff, but I'm all for getting things done. I don't expect to shine as a debater, but if they let me on that road committee I expect to how the people who elected me that they made no mistake.

HENRY C. HAPAI—There are \$600,000 worth of territorial bonds in the treasury waiting to be converted into cash. I am not saying anything, but I think these bonds are about as solid an investment as the best in Hawaii, or elsewhere, for that matter.

JACK DOYLE—Banzai! We are going to have real baseball here again. I will emerge from my shell of obscurity when the joyful hour arrives and cheer the victors on to victory. Who am I for? The "Home Team" of course; first, last and all of this time.

L. M. WHITEHOUSE—Since last election, I do not hear so much fire, brimstone and sophistry expelled into the ambient atmosphere by the raucous voice of the man that put the axe in the frontage tax and the can in republic-can. There is much less noise in the back seats.

ADELINO F. FRANCA—If I had known that the sheriff would put me off for a whole week and do nothing toward arresting the man who ran down my eight-year-old son and left him injured on the street without making an effort to find out how badly injured the boy was, I would have voted for the other fellow.

D. LLOYD CONKLING—Honoluluans have appreciated the bigness of the vaudeville show which played at the Bijou theater this week, but I venture no one appreciated it more than I did. Two of the acts now being given at the Bijou were the two top-liners at Hammerstein's theater in New York when I dropped into that playhouse on a visit some time ago and I paid \$1.50 for my seat.

R. C. LYDECKER—The expression "Nothing doing" is considered modern slang, but in accordance with the old saying "There is nothing new under the sun," it was used here as far back as 1836. In a paper read before the last annual meeting of the Hawaiian Historical Society, Father Reginald quotes, from the diary of Brother Benda, a remark made by Mr. Mackintosh, publisher of the Starveland Island Gazette, the first English newspaper here, in fact the first west of the Rocky mountains. Opposition had developed to the establishment of the paper and Mr. Mackintosh is quoted as saying: "The Chiefs here think they are Gods; they would like to see us at their feet; but Nothing Doing."

incentive for even assassination.

All of these combine and fuse invariably to accomplish the break down of all sense of responsibility to the public will and weal.

Three of the most glaring municipal incompetencies are:

The effort to prevent improper removals rather than to secure proper appointments.

Ill advised bond issues.

Readiness of electors to sign petitions without knowing their contents.

More reform does not amount to much. Its most impelling reason is the protection of finances. Frequently reform is solely a political manoeuvre.

Douglas' conclusions? That the commission plan has made for simplicity, honesty, responsibility, concentration, directness, speed and authority as distinguished from power; that it has made for the business, if not the scientific method.

The city manager plan is the embodiment of power and system and is the ultimate conclusion of the commission plan. It gives the single expert executive, with the responsible board behind him. While, like the commission form it combines legislative and administrative functions and is still weak in the financial end, it banishes the criticism of "One Man Power," and is a compromise with the industrial corporation analogy for one thing. It effectually regulates expenditures.

Beginning only fourteen months ago the city manager plan has given to Dayton, Ohio:

An "economy budget." No bonds. School for police. City complaint station. Inspection for fire prevention. Free baby clinic. Municipal employment bureau. Municipal rock quarry. Social survey. Inquiry into women's wages.

A government that thus aims to serve 116,000 people is a government worth while.

In Germany where they have during a generation or more developed some very fine municipalities there is an operating plan promoting mayors. Staunton, a village, has lost its manager to Springfield, Ohio. His promotion was from \$2400 a year to \$6000. One of Douglas' most valuable points is that scores of cities have been "overlaid with government."

The writer of the thesis makes a number of acknowledgements. One that he could not gracefully include will here be made for him. His English—diction and logic—quite mark him a worthy student of Prof. M. M. Scott, principal of William McKinley High School, of Honolulu.

Going and Coming

By H. M. AYRES.

Oh! life's a very funny proposition,
You're either flush or else you're stony broke;
The former is a very nice position,
The latter is the reverse of a joke.
There are times when every mail disgorges money,
When the long-forgotten loaves come home to roost—
When life's table fairly groans 'neath milk and honey,
And everyone conspires your game to boost.

Chorus—
When it's all coming in and nothing going out,
All the world seems rosy and life's a merry rout.
Forgotten are the days when the grass was short and thin—
When 'twas all going out and nothing coming in.

There are also times when your first name is Deuny,
When the bill-collectors hang around the door;
When every man to whom you owe a penny
Will up on his hind legs and loudly roar.
Then you couldn't make a raise if life depended,
Then Jack Carlo takes his oath your watch is tin,
And each effort, never mind how well intended,
Won't coax a single big buck dollar in.

Chorus—
When it's all going out and nothing coming in,
Your pocket-book is empty and it's mighty hard to grin.
And the days rise up to vex you, when you threw your gold about—
When 'twas all coming in and nothing going out.